

Title: 445th Fighter Interceptor Squadron (F.I.S.) Songbook Voodoo

14 page booklet with cover

5½ x 8½ booklet, stapled and made of blue construction paper

Binder: None

Folder: T

Author/Compiler: Unidentified

Branch: U.S. Air Force

Unit: 445th Fighter Interceptor Squadron (FIS)

Source: Getz Collection

Notes: ~~See~~ See above

(T)

445TH **F.I.S.** SONG BOOK



I SAID AH

As I was leaving my old home,
I asked my CO
Where will I go?
Will it be England, Will it be France
These are the things he told

He said ah, said ah,
Whatever will be, will be,
Your futures not bright you see,
He said ah, said ah,

The four=fourty= fifth is here you'll go,
I asked the Sargeant,
I fear that you'll find
It's not in England, It's not in France,
It's in the world's behind.

He said ah, said ah,
Whatever must be, must be,
You're better off dead you'll see,
He said ah, said ah.

At these kind words I left his room
I asked his blessing,
In parting I said
I will be happy, I'll always smile,
I should've stayed in bed.

I said ah, said ah,
 Whatever will be, will be.
Oh what have they done to me?
 I said ah, said ah.

As I was leaving sorrowfully
 I asked my sweet wife,
 Will you join me?
You can drop dead, get shot in the head
 I'll not come

She said ah, said ah,
 I love you so tenderly
But never in
 She said ah, said ah.

AIR FORCE LAMENT

VERSE I:

Mine eyes have seen the days of men
who ruled the fighting sky
With hearts that laughed at death,
who lived for nothing but to fly
But now those hearts are grounded,
and those days are long gone by
The Air Force's gone to hell!

CHORUS:

Glowy flying regulations,
have them read at every station
Crucify the man that breaks them,
The Air Force has gone to hell!

VERSE II

My bones have felt their pounding throb,
A hundred thousand strong
A mighty airborne legion sent
to right the deadly wrong
But now it's only memory,
it only lives in song
The Air Force has gone to hell!

VERSE III

I have seen them in their T-bolts,
when their eyes were dancing flame
I've seen their screaming power dives
that blasted Goering's name
But now they fly like sissies
and they hang their heads in shame
The Air Force has gone to hell!

VERSE 4:

Once they flew B-26 thru a living
hell of flak
And bloody dying pilots,
gave their lives to bring them back
But now they all play ping pong
in the operations shack
And we can't fly for hell!

VERSE 5:

You have heard your pounding 50's blaze
from wing of polished steel
The purring of your Merlin
was a song your heart could feel
But now the L-5 charms you
with it's moanin and groanin squeal
And it won't climb for hell!

VERSE 6:

Hap Arnold built a fighting team
that sang a fighting song
About the wild blue yonder in the days
when men were strong
But now we're closely supervised
for fear we may do wrong
The Air Force has gone to hell!

VERSE 7:

We were cocky bold and happy
when we played the angel's game
We split the blue with buzzing
and we rolled our way to fame
But now that's all verboten and
we're all so goddam tame
Our spirit's shot to hell!

VERSE 8:

One day I buzzed an airfield
with another reckless chap
We flew a hot formation with
his wingtip in my lap
But there's a new directive and
we'll have no more of that
Or you will burn in hell!

VERSE 9:

Have you ever climbed a Lightning
up to where the air is thin
Have you stuck her long nose downward
just to jeer the screaming din
Have you tried to do it lately,
better not you'll auger in
And then you'll sure catch hell!

VERSE 10:

Mine eyes get dim with tears,
when I recall the days of old
When pilots took their choice of
being old or young and bold
Alas I have no choice and will
live to be quite old
The Air Force has gone to hell!

BESIDE NEW-GUINEA WATER-FALL

Beside New Guinea Waterfall
One bright and sunny day
Beside his Shattered Sabre
A young pursuitor lay
His parachute hung
From a nearby tree
He was not yet quite dead
So listen to the very last words
The young pursuitor said

"I'm going to a better land
Where everything is bright
Where whiskey flows from
Telegraph poles,
And there's poker every night.
There not a single thing to do
But sit around and sing
And all our crews are WOMEN
Oh Death, where is thy sting?"

Oh, Death, where is thy sting, Ting-aling,
Oh, Death, where is thy sting, Ting-aling,
The Bells of Hell shall ring, Ting-aling,
For YOU but not for me.

Ting-a-ling-a-ling-ling
Blow it out your After-burner
Ting-a-ling-a-ling-ling
Blow it out your Afeter-burner
Ting-a-ling-a-ling-ling
Blow it out your After-burner
BETTER DAYS ARE COMING BYE AND BYE

DON'T GIVE ME THE P-38

Don't give me the P-38
with props that counter rotate
You'll loop, roll, and spin
and you'll soon auger in
Don't give me the P-38

Just give me operations
Way out on some lonely atoll
For I'm too young to die
I just want to go home

(2) Don't give me the P-39
With engine mounted behind

(3) Don't give me the F-86
With radio and TV

(4) Don't give me the F-89
A Hog with an RO Behind

(5) Just give me the F101
The Airplane that does all of the tricks.

CRUISIN DOWN THE YALU

Cruising down the Yalu
About two-twenty per
I gave a call to the Colonel
Oh won't you save me Sir
Got six big flak-holes in my wings
My tanks ain't got no gas
MAYDAY MAYDAY MAYDAY
There's six migs on my (tail)

CHORUS:
Oh Hallelujah, Oh Hallelujah
Throw a nickel on the grass
Save a Fighter Pilot (tail)
Oh Hallelujah, Oh Hallelujah
Throw a nickel on the grass
And you'll be saved.

I made my traffic pattern
To me it looked all right
I made my traffic pattern
My God I racked it tight
The air-speed said one-twenty
The engine gave a wheeze
MAYDAY MAYDAY MAYDAY
Some spin instructions please.

(CHORUS)

Fouled up my cross-wind landing
The wing-tip hit the ground
Got a call from mobile
"Pull up and go around--"

I jerked that Sabre in the air
one-hundred feet or more
The engine quit, I almost flipped
Oh won't you save me Sir.

(CHORUS)

THE ADMIRAL

Oh, the admiral rides in a cutter,
The captain he rides in a gig,
It don't go a doggone bit faster,
But it makes the old fellow feel big.

Sing-tura-la-tura-la-tura
tura-la-tura-la-hay
It don't go a doggone bit faster
But it makes the old fellow feel big.

MINI THE COLLEGE WIDOW

Mimi, the college widow
The pride of the University
Mimi, the college widow
She taught the boys anatomy
Mimi, the college widow
She knew the course from 'A' to 'Z'
She laid the corner stone of knowledge
In fact, the whole darned college
She's Mimi, the college widow.

Now the sexual life of a camel
Is stranger than anyone thinks
For in a moment of amorous passion
He attempted the rape of the Sphinx
And the Sphinx's anterior orificio
Is plugged with the sands of the Nile,
Which accounts for the hump on the camel
And the Sphinx's inscrutable smile.

KUNU-RI AND ANTUNG AND WILD, WILD, PYONGYANG

Once I was happy and had a good deal
Fox 84's out of old Neuby field.
I asked for a volunteer, said "I'LL take you".
The next thing I knew I was in old Taegu.

CHORUS:

Kunu-ri and Antung and wild, wild, Pyongyang
They'll drive you apeshit, they'll drive you insane.
And fifties and forties and 100 sorties.
They'll drive you apeshit, they'll clobber your ass.

I went on my mission to cut a rail track,
They said, "There's no sweat cause there ain't any flak."
But the guns from that place would make day out of night.
God, how I wish all I did was dog fight. (CHORUS)

It's up to the Yalu in X-Ray Easy
The Sui-Ho Reservoir is plainly seen.
The MIG's out of Antung send sweat down my back.
I head toward Kangye and get shot down by flak.

(CHORUS)

I grabbed those two handles and squeezed-what a sound!
A kick in the ass soon I'm floating towards ground.
I showed them my blood chit, they said, "No Sweat".
They handed me an A-Frame, now I'm walking back.

ITAZUKE TOWER

"Itazuke Tower, this is Air Force 801,
I'm turning on the downwind leg, my prop has
overrun;
My coolant's overheated, the gauge says 1-2-1,
You'd better get the crash crew out and get them
on the run."

"Listen, Air Force 801, this is Itauke Tower,
I cannot call the crash crew out, this is their
coffee hour;
You're not cleared in the pattern, now that is
plain to see,
So take it once around again, you're not a VIP."

"Itazuke Tower, this is Air Force 801,
I'm turning on my final, I'm running on one lung,
I'm gonna land this Mustang no matter what you say,
I'm gonna get my charts squared up before that
Judgement Day."

"Now listen Air Force 801, this is Itazuke Tower,
We'd like to let you in right now, but we haven't
got the power,
We'll send a note through channels and wait for
the reply,
Until we get permission back, just chase around
the sky."

(11)

"Itazuke Tower, this is Air Force 801,
I'm up in Pilot's Heaven and my flying days are
done;
I'm sorry that I blew up, I couldn't make the grade,
I guess I should have waited till the landing was
okayed."

THE GODDAMNED RESERVES

In peacetime the regulars are happy,
Yes, in peacetime they're anxious to serve,
But just let them get into trouble

Call out, call out
Call out the goddamned reserves, reserves
Call out, call out
Call out the goddamned reserves.

Oh, here's to the regular Air Force,
They have such a wonderful plan,
They call out the goddamned reservists
Whenever the crap hits the fan.

They call out the war-weary pilots,
They ask for the drafted young men,
They send the reserves to Korea
But the regulars stay in Japan.

So here's to the regular Air Force
With their medals and badges galore.
If it weren't for the goddamned reservists
Their arse would be dragging the floor.

BLESS 'EM ALL

Bless 'em all, bless 'em all,
The long and the short and the tall,
Bless old man Lockheed For building this jet
But I know a guy who is cursing him yet;
For he tried to go over the wall
With his tiptanks, his tailpipe and all,
The needles did cross and the wings did come off--
Cheer up, my lads, bless 'em all.

Bless 'em all, bless 'em all,
The needle, the airspeed, the ball,
Bless all those instructors who taught me to fly,
Sent me to solo and left me to die;
If ever your blow jet should stall,
Well, you're due for one hell of a fall.
No lilies or violets for dead fighter pilots--
Cheer up, my lads, bless 'em all.

Bless 'em all, bless 'em all,
The long and the short and the tall,
Bless all the sergeants and their bloody sons,
Bless all the corporals, the fat-headed ones,
I'm saying goodbye to them all,
The long and the short and the tall,
Here's to you and lots others
You can shove it up brothers
I'M going back home in the fall.

CIGAREETS AD SAKE OK

Cigareets and sake and wild, wild josans
They'll drive tou crazy, they'll drive
you insane
Cigareets and sake and wild, wild josans
They'll drive you crazy, they'll drive
you imsane.

Now, once I was happy, I had a dear wife,
I had enough yen to last all my life,
I met with a josan, we went on a spree
She started me smokin' and drinkin' sake.

I got into bed then, some sleep for to get,
She said, "No sleep, flyboy, I no tired yet."
Well, I woke up the next morning a quarter past ten,
I was missing my wallet and ten thousand yen.

Now back in Chitose I'm limping about,
Me and the doctor are sweating it out,
He gave me some pills from a jug on the shelf,
Then he poured out a dozen or two for himself.



